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Their Majesties.

The King and Queen spent last week in Norfolk, and were fortunate in having brilliant, though very cold, weather during their stay. With their Majesties were their children, Princess Mary, Prince George, and Prince John. This week the Court moves to Windsor Castle, where the apartments set aside for use as nurseries have all been redecorated. These "nurseries" have had many occupants in their time, but during the last fifteen years have not been much used. Half a century and more ago the children of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were in possession, and, later on, *their* children succeeded them. The present Tsaritsa of Russia and her sisters were at Windsor constantly during their childhood, both before and after the death of their mother, the beloved "Princess Alice," and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were other grandchildren of Queen Victoria who were in constant occupation. Later on came the children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, who made their home with the Queen, for she could not bear to be parted from her youngest daughter and constant companion. At the death of Queen Victoria, Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, moved to her own home in the Isle of Wight, and the Castle nurseries have remained, for the most part, empty since that time.

"A DAINTY CATCH."

This charming picture, "A Dainty Catch," by A. Roselle, is the subject of the Photogravure Supplement presented with every copy of our 1910 Christmas Number, which will be published next week, November 24th, price 1s. The Supplement, which will be 20ins. by 15ins., with deep plate sunk mount, will be admirably adapted for framing

The Court will be in residence at Windsor during the latter half of November. There is a rumour that Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck may move to Frogmore from their apartments in King Henry's Tower. Frogmore is a pleasant and pretty house, charmingly situated in Windsor Great Park, within a short walk of the Castle. Queen Mary has always been specially fond of it as a residence, and has spent several weeks there during every summer. No doubt she would greatly like to see it occupied by her brother and his family.

At the India Office.

Lord Morley's intimates were by no means surprised by the news that he was anxious to undertake some less strenuous office than the India Office has been during the last year or two. It has been a very great strain on him, and few people realise the countless questions of detail which have to come personally before the Secretary of State for India, in addition to the large matters of policy with which he is always occupied. The appointment of a new Viceroy seemed the moment to make a change at home as well. Both Lord Hardinge and Lord Crewe are born diplomats, while Lord Hardinge at least is not unacquainted with the curious workings of the Oriental mind; but Indian affairs are in no way plain sailing at the moment, and there are some serious difficulties ahead. The Viceroy and the Secretary of State are each fortunate in having the help of a remarkably interesting and gifted wife. Lady Crewe has, of course, been one of the leading hostesses for the Government ever since it came into being, but she is not only a great social success, but has real political aptitude. For some years she was so delicate that her friends feared she would be unable to take the position in the world for which she was otherwise marked out, but she has been much stronger lately, and has not only entertained in a general way for the party, but has made her house a meeting place for its more intellectual members *en petite comité*; and it is in these smaller gatherings that, like her father, Lord Rosebery, she particularly shines. Should the present Government remain in office over the Coronation, Lady Crewe will have to do a good deal of entertaining for the various Indian Princes who will be present at it, and there will be some very brilliant parties at the India Office next summer, always provided that the General Election does not alter matters.

Another Liberal Hostess.

Like Lady Crewe, Lady Beauchamp (whose husband also took part in the Cabinet's game of General Post last week) has entertained a great deal for the Liberal Party already. As a girl, she, with her sister, Lady Shaftesbury, was in a most interesting set, as Lady Grosvenor always had artistic and literary people round her in her house in Park Lane. Lady Beauchamp, in spite of her husband's official position, has always had a number of friends among the leaders of the Opposition, and in her house are to be met the interesting people on both sides. She is a beautiful embroidress, and also a very well-read woman; while she has the somewhat rare gift of talking easily on difficult subjects!

The Re-organisation at the Colonial Office

The proposal to transfer the business connected with the Dominions from the Colonial Office to the Prime Minister personally has met with much approval overseas. It is felt that the affairs of the great daughter States should not be treated as departments of a department, and the various Prime Ministers will all prefer dealing directly with the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Meanwhile Mr. Lewis Harcourt will find his work at the Colonial Office no sinecure, as all the Crown Colonies will still be directed as before, and the division of work will certainly tend to efficiency. Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, who is one of the best-dressed women in London, is much looking forward to meeting the many interesting and leading men and women from the Colonies who will be in England for the Colonial Conference, and is planning much entertaining in their honour, not only in London, but at Newnham, which she has made one of the most delightful and comfortable houses in the country.

Two Engagements.

Lord Vivian's marriage to Mrs. Adrian Rose is to take place very shortly and very quietly. Lord Vivian's first marriage took place some seven years ago, and he has a small daughter and son who are always about with him. Mrs. Rose is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lycett Green, and a granddaughter of Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft. Her husband died only a few weeks after their marriage, and since then she has spent much

GOWNS AND GOSSIP:

A CHRONICLE OF THE MOMENT.

"Lydia Lovelace" will reply to any correspondents who wish her advice on matters of dress (Answers to Correspondents appear at the end of the paper on page 153.)

MY Best Friend,—I feel an inspiration to write to you about the adaptable frock; though this does not for one moment mean that I shall enlarge upon the shooting frock which does for afternoon parties, or the tea-gown which may be transmogrified into a ball-gown by the deft addition of a waist-band, or any little joke of that sort. Somebody was rude enough to say the other day that I was always ready to tell my rich friends how to manage, and that I ignored the poor ones; so I had better disprove the calumny and show that my reputation in that direction is not at stake.

It is not a bit of use to have an afternoon frock which is so desperately smart that it cannot risk being out upon a damp day, nor does it seem amusing, if one is only moderately off, to possess the type of garment in which one feels thoroughly uncomfortable when other people are wearing coats and skirts. It is a fact that a gown may be too grand! There is a kind of garment that I should never know what to do with, and the occasion upon which to wear it would be generally absent, but in these days of separate coats and complete frocks, it is comparatively easy to arrange pretty afternoon attire for the ordinary mortal.

I send you the sketch of a brown and green-striped velveteen; the bodice is partly composed of brown ninon over green and a few little touches of embroidery, the skirt is fitted like a Princess well above the waist, and there is a band of the velveteen over the shoulders, something like an epaulet, which gives one the feeling of a complete gown when the coat is removed. The coat is the very simplest thing in the world. It is made entirely of the striped velveteen, except the lower portion of the revers and the cuffs, which are of plain brown velveteen. In this we could go in an omnibus, if need be, and yet without the coat there is an afternoon frock which does for concerts, for tea-parties, or for bridge. If, however, the whole thing had been made more extravagantly in some light, perishable colour, for example, it would have become grubby in a very few weeks, and would not have been nearly as useful nor as suitable.

Of course, it is very trying that the blouse and skirt are not as popular as they were for the bettermost frock, but nothing is so becoming as the complete garment. The Cassock style and the simple Princess can be hooked up the left side of the front, so that even those who cannot enjoy the services of a maid are independent of help. Another design which I have seen lately is composed of very dark mole-grey cashmere-de-soie with cloth hem to match. The hem is set on by a velvet piping, and there is a smart square collar of the velvet on the bodice, which has a chemisette finished off with a little turn-down collar of silver-run creamy lace. The coat is long enough to cover the cashmere part of the frock completely; it is made with plain revers and is worn with an ermine set when the wearer wants to be very smart, and a mole set when she wishes to be a trifle less conspicuous. With a soft blue hat it is about as pretty an ensemble as you might wish to see.

The great lesson we, as a nation, have to learn is to adapt our clothes to our walk in life, or perhaps one might say more accurately, to our means of locomotion. It is so very attractive to have a surprise kind of frock, such as we attain when we make use of the vogue for the Princess and a separate coat, and later on when we want to take the whole suit into everyday wear we can cut off the Princess dress at the waist, set it into a waist-belt and wear it with a blouse. A great many of my friends have written to me lately upon the subject of a neat frock for the morning. Numbers of people look much better in a semi-fitting soutane than in a skirt and blouse. A fairly thin frieze, for instance, can be used for the soutane; or, if preferred, an ordinary blouse pattern which fastens up the back, cut with a Magyar sleeve, and fastened on to a four-piece skirt, provides a capital design. Such a frock can be worn over a chemisette and sleeves set on to a guimpe, or it can be completed in some suitable manner. It is no wonder that the Magyar sleeve has proved so attractive, because we all know how tiresome it is to set a sleeve into its position really well. Professional women, who have no time to see to their clothes, are always delighted with the plain, complete frock, and if they are clever enough to order one with a shaped yoke trimmed with tabs or buttons, it is wonderful how good an effect will result. Another modern touch which has proved invaluable is that of wearing a dark ninon Magyar slip over a lace blouse when we want it to accompany a coat and skirt. Anybody can run up one of these little Magyar slips, and those who, like myself, are averse to any but the very slim wearing a light blouse with a dark skirt, will see what an important asset the ninon over-blouse must prove.

A brown striped velveteen suit for morning or afternoon

Then another difficulty which presents itself to a girl with a small allowance is the semi-evening gown. I designed a frock for a friend the other day consisting of a kind of pinafore tunic of wool-backed satin in a soft blue shade, which looks as nice by day as it does by night. The dress was first worn at a wedding with very pretty ninon sleeves and chemisette trimmed with a little silver lace. Both sleeves and chemisette were upon a removable guimpe, while a second guimpe with a tucker arranged with a silver cord and very pretty little sleeves of blue blonde net made up over silver gauze, turned it into an evening gown which serves quite well for little dances and dinner-parties; yet it does not look a bit dressed-up in the house when people come to tea, and the high guimpe is used.

I also have a friendly feeling for an adaptable tea-gown, that is to say, the rest-gown which can be smartened up with a good big collar of lace, and which, when the lace is removed, does not look absurd when we happen to come in very tired after a long day's tramp and wish to put something on before dinner which is loose and comfortable. I know a very pretty copper-brown velveteen gown which is just of this description. If worn before dinner it does not assume that ridiculous tea-gown appearance which exists solely in the imagination of those who describe clothes in the penny novelette, and yet it is restful and delightful to wear upon many and varied occasions.

How amusing French people are! They do everything quite differently from ourselves. The other day I went with a friend to see about a bridesmaid's hat, which was being ordered from a very good milliner in Paris. The representative, who was over here with her models, offered to come and see us, but none of the hours she chose were convenient, so we said that we would call one afternoon and try on the hat. Having dashed about Soho in a taxi-cab, we finally found the address to be a small foreign hotel entirely typical of the neighbourhood of Soho. Upon the first-floor we knocked at what seemed to be the obvious door, and were invited in by a French female voice, and received with much effusion. But, alas! we had knocked at the wrong door and had disappointed the representative of a French dressmaker, who, in a second's imagination had conjured up the possibilities attendant on the advent of two new clients. She showed us to the door next to her own, and there we found a large double bedroom and the millinery we were seeking. All over the floor, upon the beds, tables, and chairs were the white wooden hat-boxes which we all know so well by sight, and there were all these hats, many at six and seven and eight guineas apiece, being tried on complacently by various pretty women in the heart of Soho, with quite as much enthusiasm as though they had been seated in the Rue de la Paix!

Ever yours.

LYDIA LOVELACE.

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